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REVIEWS

The Life of William Roscoe. By his son, Henry Roscoe. 2 vols. London: Cadell.

This is the life of a man, whose memory we respect—it is the work of a writer favourably known in letters—and published by a bookseller long and honourably connected with literature. William Roscoe was a man of refined taste and extensive knowledge; a poet of some fancy and feeling; a critic of considerable powers, and a biographer remarkable for elegance of language and anxious diligence of research. His blameless life and generous nature made him widely respected; and his fame gave to a town of great commercial enterprise, a high character for taste both in art and literature. The writings of Dr. Currie, no doubt, aided in this, but he died early, and it was left to Roscoe to maintain the charm which their united labours had shed over Liverpool. That he maintained it, no one has ever doubted: his *Lives of Lorenzo de' Medici*, and of *Leo the Tenth*, are distinguished by liberality of feeling, love of truth, and diligence of inquiry; and though they may be charged with being diffuse and laboured, the information they contain, the just views which they give, and the dazzling scenes which they open up to our contemplation, have endeared them to the world, and made them general favourites with all who desire pleasure or information. Though his poetry has less vigour of thought and natural grace of style than we could wish, it is not without passages of great beauty; and, on the whole, he has left a name behind him not destined soon to die, or even fade in public favour. The details of his life cannot be read without an increase of regard for the man: his story is full of instruction, for he rose into eminence through many difficulties.

William Roscoe was born at Mount Pleasant, in Liverpool, 8th March, 1753; his father, a little, lively, bustling man, kept a respectable public-house, to which a bowling-green was attached, and as he enjoyed extensive custom, he added to his annual gains the product of an extensive market-garden; his mother, a woman of superior understanding and kindly affections, nursed him with care, and watched over his education and his health, till he was of age to go to a public school. When he grew up, he loved to relate that the oldest thing which dwelt on his memory, was a servant carrying him squalling and kicking to a neighbouring teacher: he was ever averse to compulsion, and has recorded his dislike to it in some verses more elegant than vigorous. At six years of age, he was placed under the tuition of one Martin, in Paradise-street: with him, Roscoe was a favourite, and was admitted to the use of his bookshelves filled with the best authors. To the care of this worthy man, and the instructions of an affectionate mother, he ascribed the good principles which ruled his

future conduct. Some time before his last illness, he undertook to give a sketch of his life to a friend: he completed but a small portion: the whole of this has been wrought into the memoir before us. The following passage is characteristic:—

"After remaining about two years with Mr. Martin, I was removed to Mr. Sykes, who kept a school in the same house, for writing and arithmetic, to which were added, instructions in English grammar. As he had a numerous school of boys, I found myself here obliged to fight my way till I had taken a certain station, and could distinguish my superiors from my inferiors. With respect to my new master, he was a good instructor in what he professed to teach, and a kind-hearted man, although on one occasion I incurred his severe displeasure, by having been guilty of whipping a top, with one of my schoolfellows, a few minutes beyond the time appointed for commencing school in the afternoon. On this occasion, the master proposed to make an example of us to the scholars. His mode of correction was not by the shameful and indecent method of flogging yet so prevalent in England, but by means of a small cane, which he held in his right hand, whilst, taking that of the culprit in the other, he inflicted on his back a sufficient number of strokes, which, from a powerful man to a child, were at least an adequate punishment for any childish offence. He ordered me up to him, and, taking my hand, began to bestow the usual discipline upon me. It was the common practice of the unfortunate scholar who underwent this disgrace, to endeavour to free himself, as soon as the master relaxed his grasp, and to make his escape. On the contrary, I stood immovable on this occasion, and patiently received all that was administered. When, at last, the master stopped, expecting I should retire, I stood, without the slightest indication of emotion of any kind, till, provoked at my contumacy, he again seized his cane, and impressed on me such a memorial of his ability, as remained on my back a considerable length of time. This was the first and the last time that I ever experienced the punishment of a school, and I believe neither my master nor myself retained afterwards any sentiment of ill-will towards each other."

How he studied, what he studied, and where he studied, are related with much simplicity: of almost all the sons of genius, may something like the story of Roscoe be told:—

"When I was twelve years of age I quitted school, my master having reported that I had learned all that he was capable of teaching me; which included a knowledge of the common rules of arithmetic, mensuration, and algebra, and should have included an acquaintance also with English grammar, to which, however, I had rather imbibed a dislike than otherwise. The numerous occasions of leisure during this period of my life were devoted to other employments. Adjoining to my father's property was a considerable manufactory of British china-ware. With the painters employed in these works I became intimate, and frequently assisted them in their labours, in which I was tolerably expert. * * * I also became a tolerable joiner, and about this period made for myself a

bookcase with folding doors, which served me for many years, and which I filled with several volumes of Shakspeare, a great part of whose historical plays I committed to memory; to these were added the *Spectator* and other valuable works, which I perused with great pleasure."

Of what he was doing about the age of twelve or thirteen, he retained but a faint recollection: all he could remember was, his being of a wild, rambling, and unsocial disposition, fond of sauntering along the banks of the Mersey, or fishing, and strolling from home. In one of these excursions, he shot and wounded a thrush, and was so affected with its agonies, that he never shot at any living thing afterwards. He was not, however unmindful of his duty to his parents:—

"Having quitted school, and committed my English Grammar to the flames, I now began to assist my father in his agricultural concerns, particularly in his business of cultivating potatoes for sale, of which he every year grew several acres, and which he sold, when produced early in the season, at very advanced prices. His mode of cultivation was entirely by the spade; and, when raised early, they were considered in that part of Lancashire as a favourite esculent. When they had attained their proper growth, we were accustomed to carry them to the market on our heads, in large baskets, for sale, where I was generally intrusted with the disposal of them, and soon became a very useful assistant to my father. In this and other laborious occupations, particularly in the care of a garden, in which I took great pleasure, I passed several years of my life, devoting my hours of relaxation to reading my books. This mode of life gave health and vigour to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind; and to this day I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labours, from which I was again called at an early hour. If I were now asked whom I consider to be happiest of the human race, I should answer, those who cultivate the earth by their own hands."

In his fifteenth year, he desired to become a bookseller: he tired of this in a month, and resolved to be a lawyer; his father, to secure him against change of mind, had him articulated for five years, and he entered with some enthusiasm into "law's dry musty arts." In the midst of his studies, he found the poems of Shenstone, and penned a rhyming eulogism upon them, which his master examined and pronounced to be borrowed. This rebuke had the effect of checking his poetic vein, and calling his other powers into action; he resolved to master his profession by constant study during the stipulated hours, and then devote his leisure time to literature; this he did with such success, that in a few years he had read with much attention most English authors of note, and acquired such a knowledge of the authors and language of Italy, as enabled him afterwards to appear as the historian of the two illustrious Medicis.

Having completed his term of servitude, Roscoe was, in the year 1774, admitted an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. He commenced practising in his native town,

entered into partnership in business with Mr. Aspinall, into a true-love engagement with a young lady afterwards his wife, and, in an excursion to London, saw Lord Mansfield trying causes on a Whit-Monday and Tuesday, without a single counsel in Court. The attorneys, he said, pleaded for themselves, and awkward pleaders they made: this arose from a determination to dispatch business, and prevent the expense arising from delay. In the midst of professional labours, he never abandoned literature: he wrote poetry, penned dissertations, and in process of time added a knowledge as well as a love of art: he did more, he mingled in politics, and with the first out-burst of the French Revolution wrote hymns and odes in honour of liberty. This fever abated a little by the plentiful letting of blood abroad: a more tranquil theme presented itself, of which his son thus renders an account:—

"It has already been observed, that the idea of writing the *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici* occurred to Mr. Roscoe at an early period of his life, when, with the assistance of his friend, Francis Holden, he first began to study the literature of Italy. Amid the avocations of business, and the variety of other pursuits in which his taste or his duty led him to engage, the design slumbered, but was not forgotten. In perusing the Italian historians, and especially the Florentine annals of Macchiavelli and Ammirato, he was accustomed to note the various passages which threw a light on the life and character of Lorenzo. His reading was at the same time directed as well to the writers of that age, as to those later authors, such as Crescimbeni, Muratori, and Tiraboschi, who have illustrated the literature of their country by their critical labours. Unfortunately, Liverpool did not at that period possess any public library, to which, when he found his own collection deficient, he could resort; and amongst the first difficulties which he experienced in the prosecution of his task, was the heavy and discouraging one of a want of materials. This deficiency he had in part supplied by the diligence with which he examined the catalogues of the London booksellers, and the zeal with which, during his visits to the metropolis, he sought for the volumes which his labours required. Fortunately, also, the sale of the Crevenna and Pinelli libraries, occurring at this period, enabled him to procure many scarce and valuable works, for which he had hitherto enquired in vain. But the riches treasured up in the literary repositories of Italy still remained inaccessible to him; and his professional engagements precluded every idea of his being able to make a personal examination of them. Even if the zeal of a foreign agent could be relied upon, who could be discovered with knowledge and judgment equal to the task? 'The impracticability of obtaining in this country,' says Mr. Roscoe, in the preface to his *Life of Lorenzo*, 'the information of which I stood in need, would perhaps have damped the ardour of any undertaking, had not a circumstance presented itself, in the highest degree favourable to my purpose. An intimate friend, with whom I had been many years united in studies and affection, had paid a visit to Italy, and had fixed his winter residence at Florence. I well knew that I had only to request his assistance, in order to obtain whatever information he had an opportunity of procuring, from the very spot which was to be the scene of my intended history. My enquiries were particularly directed to the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries, which I was convinced would afford much original and interesting information. It would be unjust, merely to say that my friend afforded me the

assistance I required; he went far beyond even the hopes I had formed; and his return to his native land was, if possible, rendered still more grateful to me, by the materials he had collected for my use."

The '*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*' made its appearance in March, 1796, and was received with all but universal approbation: it opened up a new scene to the sight of many; critics approved, antiquaries applauded, and Lord Orford, who was seldom pleased with anything, condescended to be pleased now. Fuseli too, a man equally capricious in his tastes, and difficult to please, united in the general praise:—

"So much had I written when your dear epistle from Buxton found me; a balm to my wounded and overbalanced mind: 'Ecce iterum Crispinus!' But let me, if possible, forget my cursed self for one moment, and thank you for the genuine pleasure your book has given me. I value it not, you know, because its publication has been eminently successful, but because it deserves that success, and more; and does to you, and to my friendship for you, infinite honour. I am perhaps not so great a friend to Lorenzo as you; perhaps I may think on some other points, more closely connected with my pursuits, somewhat differently from you; but, take the whole together, there is no writer with whom, on all the various topics he treats, I coincide more heartily than with you. The style is, in my eyes, original, ample without being loquacious, pointed without being epigrammatic, and sententious without affectation."

The fame of Roscoe was now diffused abroad, and he came up to London to enjoy the luxury of approbation and praise; in his letters to Dr. Currie, he speaks of the wise, the sarcastic, and the witty:—

"Your introduction to Dr. Moore was received by him with great kindness, and has been the source of much satisfaction to me. My wife and I dined there on Thursday. The party were Dr., Mrs., and Miss Moore; the Doctor's two sons, James, the surgeon, and Charles, the lawyer; Mr. Gifford, the poet; Fuseli; *ma femme*, and myself. I hope I need not say our time passed very pleasantly. The doctor is full of anecdote; Fuseli is a hero in conversation; Charles gave us some good imitations of the oratory of Burke, Dundas, &c.; Gifford is a little, rather common looking man, but shrewd and intelligent, though not very talkative. I have paid the Doctor several morning visits, and he has called on me. At one of these he showed me the original of Burns's life, and several other letters, papers, and poems; all of which, he says, are at your service, if you write the life. He will also consent, I doubt not, to his letters being printed, after having first perused them. Fuseli is an old acquaintance of the Doctor's, whom he calls a good, unctious, sociable, family man."

On the death of Burns, he wrote a poem full of eloquent regret, and not a little reproach to Scotland, for her ill usage of that glorious poet.

To relate the history of the composition and reception of the '*Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth*,' would be almost to repeat what we have said about the '*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*.' It was written with the same care and in the same spirit, and placed the name of Roscoe high in British Literature. We have little more to add—he was elected Member of Parliament for Liverpool, by a flattering majority; attached himself anxiously to the Whig party, and, when Copenhagen was attacked and the Danish Fleet captured, he poured out his indignation both in prose and verse.

He outlived his fortune, but not his fame; he had gone into business as a banker in Liverpool, and had an opportunity of doing many kind and generous deeds to the worthy and the deserving: his affairs, owing to the changeful times, became involved in 1816, and the firm was declared bankrupt in 1820: he long survived this disaster, edited that edition of Pope which raised the famous controversy on nature and art, in which all who wrote had the merit of being wrong, and died full of years and honours, 30th June, 1830. We have been much pleased with the modest, yet filial spirit, in which Mr. Henry Roscoe has written of his father; and we recommend these volumes to all who desire to become better acquainted with the literature, the art, and the eminent men who have lately flourished, or still flourish in this island.

Correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

As a light and living history of the times in which these letters were written, it is not possible to hit upon any work that, in the least, approaches them. The subjects, however, control the gossiping pleasantries of Walpole, and make even these letters dull, when compared with the garrulous, racy, vivid epistles of the same writer to Mr. Montagu, the inestimable George Conway, and others, heretofore published. There is, in these pages, certainly no devotion to old china, old bronzes, and old carvings; ivory and ebony are not *inlaid* in the epistles as in a cabinet; but the lapdog *Patapan* figures away conspicuously, and Sir Robert Walpole, my Lord Bath, Mr. Chute, and the charming Gunning are immortalized.

So much has been said and written of late respecting the genius of Horace Walpole, that it would be idle now to detain our readers from the extracts which we have marked out for them by pausing to remark on the merits of the noble author. That he is incomparably the best English letter writer, there can be no question, for he has mastered the obstinacy of the English language, and rendered it airy, easy, and graceful, as the lightest of the light French styles. One would almost be content to have lived in Walpole's day and be breathless now, to be preserved in the transparent and imperishable interior of his *amber* works.

We shall quote at random, and without reference to "the order of the course." It is pleasant in a book of this sort to be able to hunt the field as we please, and to find our game as our fancy directs us. As the whole matter of these letters is historical chit-chat, we may take up what part of the gossip we like, and quit it when we choose, without any necessity for attending to the connecting links. Our quotations will steer as clear of the political parts of the volumes as may be, though it is scarcely possible to escape the House of Commons or the House of Peers, those two hives of England's little busy *drones*!

The following passage will be good history, allowing for a change of names, for any period in which courts and ladies flourish:—

"Lady Sundon † is dead, and Lady M— dis-

† — Dives, wife of William Clayton, Lord Sundon: woman of the bedchamber, and mistress of the robes to Queen Caroline.

appointed: she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the Queen. She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power, by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure she is dead very rich!' she replied, with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value.' One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?'—'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?' Sir R. told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together: he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom, but the King and Queen."

We extract the following, partly on account of the agreeable way in which he writes upon seasons and gaieties, but principally for the notice of Garrick's first appearance, and Walpole's mistake as to his genius. He, however, who could think Gray a better poet than Spenser, and who thought Shakspeare's 'Cymbeline' a dull play, may be allowed to preserve the consistency of his character in thinking lightly of Garrick as an actor. Walpole writes from his wit and his fancy, and is buoyed up upon them as upon wings, but he never writes from the depths of earnest feeling:—

"To-day calls itself May the 26th, as you perceive by the date, but I am writing to you by the fire-side, instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven, we bless our stars, and think it luxury. And yet we have as much waterworks and fresco diversions, as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago Ranelagh gardens were opened at Chelsea: the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be Ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better, for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; there were but three-and-forty people last night in the pit and boxes. There is a little simple farce at Drury-Lane, called *Miss Lucy in Town*, in which Mrs. Clive mimics the Muscovita admirably, and Beard, Amorevoli intolerably. But all the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's-fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says, he is superior to Betterton. Now I talk of players, tell Mr. Chute that his friend Bracegirdle breakfasted with me this morning. As she went out, and wanted her clogs, she turned to me, and said, 'I remember at the playhouse, they used to call Mrs. Oldfield's chair! Mrs. Barry's clogs! and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens!'"

The following slight sketch of Sir Robert, the retired minister, slight as it is, is in colours:—

"I carried Sir Robert the other night to Ranelagh for the first time—my uncle's prudence, or fear, would never let him go before. It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us; we walked with a train at our heels like two chairmen going to fight—but they were extremely civil, and did not crowd him, or say the least impertinence—I think he grows popular already! The other day he got it asked, whether he should be received if he went to Carleton-House?—No, truly!—but yesterday morning Lord Baltimore came to soften it a little; that his Royal Highness did not refuse to see him, but that now the Court was out of town, and he had no drawing-room, he did not see see anybody."

The following is a brief agreeable passage upon letter writing:—

"I have not written to you, my dear child, a good while, I know; but indeed it was from having nothing to tell you. You know I love you too well, for it to be necessary to be punctually proving it to you: so, when I have nothing worth your knowing, I repose myself upon the persuasion that you must have of my friendship. But I will never let that grow into any negligence, I should say idleness, which is always mighty ready to argue me out of everything I ought to do; and letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric. Indeed, I pride myself extremely in having been so good a correspondent, for besides that every day grows to make one hate writing more, it is difficult, you must own, to keep up a correspondence of this sort with any spirit, when long absence makes one entirely out of all the little circumstances of each other's society, and which are the soul of letters. We are forced to deal only in great events, like historians; and instead of being Horace Mann and Horace Walpole, seem to correspond as Guicciardin and Clarendon would:

Discedo Alceus puncto Illius; ille meo quis? Quis nisi Callimachus?"

We do not often meet with Mr. Selwyn in these volumes; and when he does appear, he comes in like an unexpected fourth, when three gentlemen are despairingly anxious to play a rubber. He makes the party complete, and sets the game a-going:—

"I must tell you a good piece of discretion of a Scotch soldier, whom Mr. Selwyn met on Bexley heath walking back to the army. He had met with a single glove at Hingham, which had been left there last year in an inn by an officer now in Flanders: this the fellow was carrying in hopes of a little money; but for fear he should lose the glove, wore it all the way."

The good people of 1744 were not without their O. P. rows. Playhouse insurrections are not like "angel visits, few and far between": but they come at intervals as regularly as tax-gatherers. It is curious to see that John Kemble did not refer to the authorities of Dutch Sam and Tom Crib at the Covent Garden O. P. trial, without having a precedent in the Drury Lane disturbance in 1744:—

"If you are not as detached from every thing as I am, you will wonder at my tranquillity, to be able to write such variety in the midst of hurricanes. It costs me nothing, so I shall write on, and tell you an adventure of my own. The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense, a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury-lane, has omitted nothing

to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago, he let into the pit great numbers of bear-garden *bruisers*, (that is the term,) to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces and drove them out: I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs; to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar—and among the rest, who flew into a passion—but your friend the philosopher? In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage, to make an apology for the manager; he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood—' when your friend with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit huzzed and repeated the words; only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better; while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the play-house. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where's Mr. W.? Where's Mr. W.?' In short the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler; which I believe would have stuck by me, if this new episode of Lord Granville had not luckily interfered."

The sketch of Lord Kilmarnock, Lord Cromartie, and Lord Balmerino, is in Walpole's very best manner; and though something like it may be found in his former published correspondence, we shall extract it:—

"I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child, and very handsome; so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it in with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough

to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. . . .

"When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino; and Lord Stair—as, I believe, uncle to his great grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectingly, said, 'I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour*.' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*. What a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother, as auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us*?' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew my Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour*.' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty*, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

"On Wednesday, they were again brought to Westminster-hall, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock with a fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son (his second unluckily was with him,) in the Duke's army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them*. He insisted much on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that he was come to fight, and not to butcher; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very artfully mentioned Van-hoe's letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low, that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him; and concluded with saying, 'If no part of this bitter cup must pass from me, not mine, O God, but thy will be done!' If he had pleaded *not guilty*, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death."

The deaths of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino are described with singular force:—

"Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearse following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?' He replied, 'My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with

the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.'—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended, is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block, the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

"The scaffold was immediately new-strewn with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill-usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman, how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the Warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!'

"My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with

Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels!"

On the very day we are writing this paper, a passage, written upwards of eighty years ago, shows that our Junes are improved. The spirit of June is, however, in the writing:—

"As summerly as June and Strawberry-hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fire-side: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold. Your brothers Ned and Gal. dined with me to-day, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those two days as well as on the other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade!

"Your brother Ned has not seen Strawberry-hill since my great improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy: I should hate it, if it was dashed with that."

We can only afford room for two more extracts;—the one an account of a duel between Mr. Walpole's uncle and Will. Chetwynd, an intimate of Bolinbroke's, which shows that they fought more and quarrelled less than they do in the present House of Commons,—and the other a marvellous account of the effect of beauty in town and country, as exemplified in the account of the two charming Gunnings. Their appearance seems to have had something like a magical power over the people; but as they providentially lived before the days of Dr. Jenner, they flourished in the times when beauty was scarce, and therefore of inestimable value. We could now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, beat the Gunnings at every twelve paces up and down Regent Street.—But to our text—and first (talking of the twelve paces) let us give the duel:—

"The circumstances of this memorable engagement were, in short, that on some witness being to be examined the other day in the House upon remittances to the army, my uncle said, 'He hoped they would indemnify him, if he told anything that affected himself.' Soon after he was standing behind the Speaker's chair, and Will. Chetwynd, an intimate of Bolinbroke, came up to him, and said, 'What, Mr. Walpole, are you for rubbing up old sores?' He replied, 'I think I said very little, considering that you and your friends would last year have hanged up me and my brother at the lobby-door without a trial.' Chetwynd answered, 'I would still have you both have your deserts.' The other said, 'If you and I had, probably I should be here and you would be somewhere else.' This drew more words, and Chetwynd took him by the arm and led him out. In the lobby, Horace said, 'We shall be observed, we had better put it off till to-morrow.' 'No, no, now! now!' When they came to the bottom of the stairs, Horace said, 'I am out of breath, let us draw here.' They drew; Chetwynd hit him on the breast, but was not near enough to pierce his coat. Horace made a pass, which the other put by his hand, but it glanced along his side. A clerk, who had observed them go out

together so arm-in-arm-ly, could not believe it amicable, but followed them, and came up just time enough to beat down their swords, as Horace had driven him against a post, and would probably have run him through at the next thrust. Chetwynd went away to a surgeon's, and kept his bed the next day; he has not reappeared yet, but is in no danger. My uncle returned to the House, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *Cambrick bill*, which made Swinny say, 'That it was a sign he was not ruffled.' Don't you delight in this duel? I expect to see it daubed up by some circuit-painter on the ceiling of the saloon at Woolterton."

Having got rid of the scene with the swords, let us to the Gunnings:—

"The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacchevrel never made more noise than these two beauties."

"The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flocked to see the Duchess of Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning."

"Our beauties are travelling Paris-ward: Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester got two guineas and a half, by showing a shoe that he was making for the Countess, at a penny a-piece. I can't say her genius is equal to her beauty: she every day says some new *aproposito*. She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her Lord: Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent-bed, for fear of bugs in the inns. 'Oh! said she, I had rather be bit to death, than lie one night from my dear Cov!' I can conceive my Lady Caroline making a good deal of noise even at Paris; her beauty is set off by a genius for the extraordinary, and for strokes that will make a figure in any country."

"I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Marechale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my Lord made her write for it again next morning, 'because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach,' and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets, 'How odd it is that my Lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!' Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the Duchess at their own house walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of Earl—would not one wonder how they could get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly."

We had selected several passages which we have no room for now, but to which we may recur in our next number. The book

is extremely well edited—perhaps a little too carefully; for Lord Dover thinks it necessary, in a note, to explain how Mr. Gray was, and in the following minute manner: "Thomas Gray, author of the *Elegy* in a Churchyard, and other poems." An editor, however, never likes to let an opportunity escape of explaining. The illustrations, it must be owned, show that Lord Dover has taken infinite trouble with the work; and we must say, we think it worthy of all his labour."

The History of Spain and Portugal. Published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. London: Baldwin.

WE dislike these popular abridgments, these dry marrowless anatomies—nothing new is ever found in them, and all old errors are sure to be repeated. But this work comes before us at a disadvantage after the learned, critical, admirable one on the same subject, so lately published in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*—a work the unfortunate bias in which we did not hesitate to point out, but which, after all allowances, is unequalled in modern English historical literature. We cannot say, therefore, that we have been much surprised at finding this rival wholly barren and uninteresting—with little evidence of research in it, and less of critical speculation. Down to the close of the fifteenth century, the *History* is very carelessly written, and so superficially, that it occupies only the fourth part of the volume—while that of the three subsequent centuries, though compiled with more care, contains not much greater proof of diligent research. We were startled, indeed, at the close of the work, to find eight pages (!) occupied with "a recapitulation of the authorities consulted" by the author. We only regret that his labours were not made manifest to us in the progress of the work—for instance, how could we suppose that he had ever seen the *Vidas de Españoles Celebres*, when, in defiance of that high authority, he makes the Cid command armies before the death of Ferdinand I., and in the war carried on by his son Don Sancho against Raniero of Arragon? For he would have found in that work, that Ferdinand died when the Cid was not more than fourteen or fifteen years old; and that he could not command the army against Arragon, because he was first made Alférez, or general, in consequence of his valiant conduct as a knight in the battle of Grados, where Raniero was killed, whose death put an end to the war.

We could point out numberless like instances of carelessness. If, indeed, the writer has consulted one half the works enumerated in his eight pages of authorities, we can only say, that he has not taken the trouble to compare them. But, in proof of what poor, bald, worthless things these one-volumed histories are, we will advert to an historical fact of great interest at the present moment, and see how it is treated of. We refer to the civil war with which Spain is threatened by a disputed succession, arising out of the sort of Salic law which Philip V. obliged the Cortes of 1713 to accept; and which was repealed in 1789 under Charles IV. And we may be excused for noticing here, that it was only in January last, when, speaking

on this subject, we ventured to predict, that out of these circumstances a civil war would arise on the death of Ferdinand. The fulfilment of our prophecy has even preceded the event; for no sooner had Don Carlos set foot in Portugal than he issued a manifesto, protesting against the right of Ferdinand's daughter to the crown, and announcing his resolution to maintain his own. Now, upon reading this protest of Don Carlos in our newspapers, what so natural as that the sucking babes who are wetnursed by the Society should refer to this work for some information upon so interesting a subject. Well, what will they find there?—why, *four lines*, intimating that by the Treaty of Utrecht the succession to the Spanish crown was "regulated by a sort of compromise between the Spanish and Salic laws;" but not one word of the Cortes of 1713, or the threatenings and private influences exercised to induce them to recognize this sort of compromise; and as to the subsequent repeal of this law, in 1789, there is no mention of it whatever—not even a casual reference; but, in lieu of it, thirteen columns of voluble common-place on the French Revolution,—and this is a 'History of Spain'!

We had here closed our notice of this work, but having once again casually opened it, we were struck with a passage that must not be permitted to pass without comment, or the good confiding readers will hereafter be talking about the wives of the bishops and archbishops in Spain; for at page 252 we are told, that the queen, through jealousy of a rival, persuaded the king to give Godoy a princess for his wife. "For this purpose," the author says, "an illegal marriage, contracted by the king's uncle, Don Lewis, a cardinal and archbishop of Toledo, with a lady of the name of Vallabriga, was sanctioned, and its issue, a son and two daughters, were recognized as *infantes* of Spain. The son succeeded his father as archbishop of Toledo, and was made a cardinal, and the eldest daughter was bestowed as an *infanta* upon the Prince of the Peace."

Now it appears to us scarcely possible to comprise more blunders in the same number of words. The Infante Don Lewis was neither a cardinal, nor an archbishop, nor even a priest; his marriage perhaps was not strictly legal, because it was not contracted with permission of the king; but it was valid, notwithstanding, according to the Spanish laws, and the issue was legitimate, though without right of succession to the crown. Again, Don Lewis's son and daughters were never recognized as *infantes*, and the son, who was archbishop of Toledo, succeeded Cardinal Lorenzana.

We deeply regret being obliged to speak so severely of this, or, indeed, of any work; but book-making is become a trade, and when that trade is established by charter, and sanctioned by the names of the most distinguished and the most honourable, who, unhappily, do not see the consequences of their mistaken patronage, sound literature is threatened with utter ruin. Think, for a moment, of such a work as this being circulated over the country, to the manifest injury of the 'History of Spain' lately published by Messrs. Longman!

Delaware; or, the Ruined Family. A Tale, in 3 vols. Edinburgh: Cadell; London, Whittaker.

THE author of this tale says he found it in life, and copied the incidents from the recital of the chief actors. "In the same sort of gossiping anecdotal style in which I received it," he says, "I have here, with full permission, put down the whole story. In what tongue under the sun I have written it, I do not very well know, though the language I intended to employ is a sort of jargon based upon the Anglo-Saxon." The author found other difficulties than those of language: his lawyer told him he should have written *indicted for arraigned, and action for process*; a naval friend endeavoured to make him understand the difference between a yawl and a pater-boat; while a noble friend complained that he had copied his foibles and adventures rather too closely. In extenuation of all this, the writer says he is neither lawyer nor physician, soldier nor sailor, scholar nor philosopher, nor yet a man of wit about town. "Whoever reads will see all this," he concludes, "at a glance, but he trusts they will likewise see that he has drawn his characters not from things of marble, but from flesh and blood."

If the author found this tale in real life, it proves that invention and fact are near relations: that truth goes about her work in much the same sort of way as fiction; employs the same actors to perform in the great drama of existence, and when the villains have played out the play, drops the curtain over death or marriage with a moral reflection for the one, and a sounding of flutes and dulcimers for the other. If this be life, how many of our circulating libraries can prove that it is also invention; nor is the cast of characters, or the distribution of incidents, in 'Delaware' different from the usual arrangements made by fancy; we have cunning close-fisted old men, and generous and open-handed young ones; gossiping old dames, and lively and romantic damsels; a philosophical scoundrel and murderer, and a professional cheat and plotter; a gripping old miser, and a prodigal heir. Perhaps the most original part of the plot is, that the daughter of a flourishing house weds the heir of a ruined one, while the daughter of the ruined house does the same good office to the heir of the flourishing one; this in-and-in sort of love among cousins keeps affection in the family, and prevents wealth from being squandered; but while it improves the blood it hurts the flesh, and is apt to produce a ricketty race, out of which the stamp of the creator will nearly be obliterated in the third generation.

The story of 'Delaware' lies in a small compass. Lord Ashborough, some twenty years or more before the novel commences, having been thwarted in love by the superior address of his cousin, Sir Sidney Delaware, resolves on his ruin, and is on the point of accomplishing it by means of an unredeemed mortgage, or some such legal man-trap, and the villainy of lawyer Tims, when his lordship's nephew and heir, Henry Beauchamp, falls in love with his cousin Blanche Delaware, Sir Sidney's daughter, and interrupts, for a time, the scheme of destruction. But his lordship and lawyer Tims are not to be baffled so; they contrive a new plot. On the

day that the estate of Delaware is in the balance, an old miser and banker, who advanced money to redeem it, is attacked and murdered; Henry Beauchamp, who interposes to save him, is stunned and carried to France, and Captain Delaware, the lover of Maria Beauchamp, and brother of the lady Blanche, is accused of the murder. The cloud darkens down over the house of Delaware, but, as Heaven would have it, Henry Beauchamp recovers his liberty, seizes by stratagem on the murderers, confronts his enemies, confounds the lawyer, marries Blanche, gives Emma to the Captain, and, having buried Lord Ashborough, who dies in despair, struck Tims off the rolls as an attorney, and hanged Harding, who died like a knave, as a philosopher proceeds with his fair young wife to Italy, where he met with the author, and related his adventures.

On the whole, we think the story is well told, the characters clearly unfolded, and the conclusion natural and satisfactory. There is, however, a vast deal too much law-business in the narrative; nor are we pleased with a certain tone of flippancy with which many of the most touching parts are related. The portrait of Captain Delaware has some of the faults, and not a few of the beauties, of the author.

"From a place that they call a hotel, in Piccadilly—Think of a man taking up his abode at a hotel in Piccadilly!—but he knew no better—From a hotel, in Piccadilly, at about half-past five o'clock on the morning of the last day of August, one thousand eight hundred and something, set out a hackney coach, containing within its sphere of rotten wood and rusty leather a small portmanteau on the front seat, and the portmanteau's master on the other. He was a well-made youth of about five-and-twenty years of age, with firm, graceful, and yet powerful limbs, and a fresh clear complexion—not villainous red and white, but one general tone of florid health. His eye was blue and bright, and the clustering curls of fair hair—as pure Saxon as Sharon Turner's last new book—might have looked somewhat girlish, had it not been for the manly features and the free dauntless look that they overshadowed. At the same time, be it remarked, that there was something of melancholy, if not of gloom, in his aspect; but that did not prevent him—after the chambermaid had been satisfied, and the waiter had been paid, and boots had had his fees, and the porter had claimed more than his due; and, in short, all the exactions of an inn had been played off upon him in succession—that did not prevent him, when fairly rolling away towards the top of the Haymarket, from gazing out upon the scene around him with a sufficient degree of open-eyed curiosity to make the waterman stick his tongue into his cheek, and mentally denominate him 'a raw.'"

The scene in which Beauchamp rescues Blanche from a burning house, is well described—here is a part of it:—

"The gathering smoke and the rushing sound of the flames bore to his own ear, as well as to that of the fair girl who lay pale and trembling before him, the certainty that he spoke no more than truth; and, without farther pause, he stooped over her, wrapped the bedclothes round her as tenderly and delicately as a mother would wrap her young infant from the wintry wind, and, catching her up in his arms, he bore her out into the corridor. All before them was a scene of mingled smoke and flame. The wainscoting of the corridor, the balustrades, the cornices, were all charred, blackened, and catching fire in a thousand places. The blaze was

rushing up from below, towards the skylight, which had unfortunately been left open, and gave an additional draught. Wherever an open door presented itself, the flames were seen rushing in, licking the door-posts and the wainscoting; the heat was scorching; the smoke was suffocating; and every step that Burrell took forward, he felt uncertain whether the beams over which he trod would not give way beneath his feet. Still, however, he strode on till he reached the spot where the flames were rushing up the great staircase more furiously than anywhere else, from the additional mass of fuel that there supplied the fire.—His foot was on the edge of the landing, to cross over towards the stone stairs; and he had just time—warned by a sudden crash—to draw back, when the whole staircase and part of the corridor above it gave way, and fell into the vestibule below. It was a fearful sight; but he was not a man to leave any chance of safety to be snatched from him by terror. The rest of the corridor beyond the gap appeared more sound than that he had already past. He remembered having seen a side-door in his own room, which he had just left behind; and re-treading his steps, he entered the chamber, drove in the door he had remarked—which was but weakly fastened—with a single kick, and running through a room, the tenant of which had made his escape, he passed on into a dressing-room, and thence regained the corridor, beyond the point where it had been connected with the great staircase.

"The fall of so much lime and rubbish had in a degree deadened the fire; and, striding on, Burrell reached the door which opened on the stone staircase. The rush of cool air and the joy of escape revived him, almost suffocated as he was with the heat and smoke; and, bending down his head over his fair burden, he said—the most natural thing in the world—'Dear girl, you are safe!'—Ay, though he had only seen her twice in all his life!"

The following passage gives us a little of three important personages in this domestic drama:—

"'With a thousand thanks for your kind interest,' replied Captain Delaware; 'I should still be sorry to owe, even to your influence, what I could not obtain from justice.'

"'Pride! Pride!' cried Miss Beauchamp, 'the fault of men and angels! But let me tell you, my dear cousin, that no man or men have any right to be proud in a woman's presence; for ye are a mere race of bullies at the best, and bow like the veriest slaves whenever we choose to tyrannize over you. But to the point.—Listen to my sage advice. I was saying, that I had no more influence with my Lord Ashborough than that screen,—I am a mere piece of household furniture; and, I dare say, that I am to be found, written down in the inventory thus:—'Front drawing-room—Three tables, four-and-twenty chairs, four sofas, three chaises longues, a *niece*.—I do believe, my uncle, when I refused the Honourable Mr. What's-his-name, the other day, which mortally offended his lordship, thought of having me transferred to the schedule of *fixtures* forthwith. But, nevertheless, as I am a hearing and seeing piece of furniture, I have learned that the only way to manage the Earl of Ashborough, is to be firm, steady, somewhat haughty, and a good deal stern. Remember all this, my dearly beloved cousin, and make use of the hint. But I hear his lordship's morning step, when the neat boot is first, for that day, fitted on to the neat foot. So I will to the breakfast-room; and do not forget, when you meet me, to wish me good-morrow in set form, and civil terms, and take care that you do not look conscious."

With the rebuke which the author gives

Lord Ashborough for his patronage of Tims, the scoundrel lawyer, we shall close our extracts:—

"There was once, in the days of Cheops, an Egyptian who had a remarkably fine poultry-yard, in which were all the fowls of all the fowls that Egypt ever saw. One day it so happened, that, walking by the side of the Nile, the Egyptian espied an egg, which he immediately took up, and putting it in his breast he carried it home, and laid it carefully in the nest of a sitting hen. Twenty days after, on entering his poultry-yard, to his great surprise he found—nothing but feathers and a young crocodile, which instantly attacked him also. With great difficulty the Egyptian freed himself from the destroyer of his hens; and when he died, he directed, in his will, that, on the frontal bandage of his mummy, there should be written, both in the hieroglyphic and the vulgar character, '*Beware how you hatch a crocodile's egg in your poultry-yard!*' Cheops, when he heard it, laughed; but one day, when he was going to give way to his revenge, contrary to the best interests both of himself and his people—contrary to wisdom, and policy, and justice, and good faith—he caught himself saying, '*Beware how you hatch a crocodile's egg in your poultry-yard!*' and ever after that, when he found a violent passion springing up in his breast, his instant address to his own heart was, '*Beware how you hatch a crocodile's egg in your poultry-yard!*'"

Le Salmigondis, Contes de toutes les couleurs.
Vol. VII.

[Second Notice.]

We translate, this week, for the entertainment of the younger branches of families, an interesting military anecdote, by Bequet, entitled—

The Blue Handkerchief.

Last year, about the end of October, as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the chateau of Bardy, I beheld before me, on the high road, a regiment of Swiss guards. I hastened forward to hear the military music, of which I am extremely fond; but before I had overtaken the regiment the band had ceased playing, and the drum alone continued to mark the measured footsteps of the soldiers.

After marching for about half an hour, the regiment entered a small plain, surrounded by a wood of fir trees. I asked one of the captains if the regiment was going to perform evolutions.

"No, Sir," he replied; "we are going to try, and probably to shoot, a soldier belonging to my company, for having robbed the citizen upon whom he was billeted."

"What!" I exclaimed, "is he to be tried, condemned, and executed all in an instant?"

"Yes," the captain replied; "such are the terms of our capitulations.†" This to him was an unanswerable reason: as if all things had been considered in the capitulations; the fault and its penalty,—justice, and even humanity.

"If you have any curiosity to witness the proceedings," said the captain, politely, "I shall be happy to get you a place. They will soon be over."

I never avoid such scenes; for I imagine that I learn, from the countenance of a dying man, what death is. I therefore followed the captain.

The regiment formed into square. Behind the second rank, and on the borders of the wood, some of the soldiers began to dig a grave, under the command of a subaltern; for regimental duty is always performed with regularity,

† By the capitulations, are to be understood, the treaties entered into between the Swiss Cantons and the foreign governments, under whom their soldiers served.

and a certain discipline maintained, even in the digging of a grave.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were seated upon drums; on their right, and a little more in front, a ninth was writing upon his knees, but with apparent negligence, and simply to prevent a man from being put to death without some legal forms.

The accused was called forward. He was a fine well-grown young fellow, with mild, yet noble features. By his side stood a woman, who was the only witness against him. The moment the colonel began to examine this woman, the prisoner interrupted him:

"It is useless, Colonel," he said; "I will confess everything; I stole this woman's handkerchief."

THE COLONEL. You, Piter! why you passed for an honourable man, and a good soldier.

PITER. It is true, Colonel, that I have always endeavoured to satisfy my officers. I did not steal for myself: it was for Marie.

THE COLONEL. And who is this Marie?

PITER. Why Marie who lives—there—in our own country—near Areneberg—where the great apple-tree is—I shall, then, see her no more!

THE COLONEL. I do not understand you, Piter; explain yourself.

PITER. Well, Colonel, read this letter.

And he handed to the colonel a letter, every word of which is engraven on my memory.

"My dear friend, Piter,—I seize the opportunity of sending you this letter by Arnold, a recruit who has enlisted in your regiment. I also send a silk purse which I have made for you. I did not let my father see that I was making it, for he always scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will never return. But you surely will come back, won't you? But whether you come back or not, I shall always love you. I first consented to become yours on the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Areneberg dance, and brought it to me. When shall I see you again? What pleases me is the information I have received, that the officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. But you have still two years to serve. Get through them as fast as you can, and then we will be married. Adieu, my good friend Piter.
Your dear MARIE.

P.S.—Try to send me something from France, not for fear I should forget you, but that I may always carry it about me. Kiss what you send, and I am sure I shall soon find out the place of your kiss."

When the Colonel had finished reading the letter, Piter resumed: "Arnold," he said, "delivered me this letter last night when I received my billet. I could not sleep all night for thinking of Marie. In her letter she asks me for something from France. I had no money,—I have mortgaged my pay for three months in order to help my brother and cousin, who set out on their return home a few days since. This morning, on rising, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was drying upon a line, and it resembled the one belonging to Marie. The colour and the blue stripes were actually the same. I was base enough to take it and put it into my knapsack. I went out into the street; my conscience smote me, and I was returning to the house to restore it to its owner, when this woman came up to me, with the guard, and the handkerchief was found in my possession. This is the whole truth. The capitulations require that I should be shot;—let me be shot instantly;—but do not despise me."

The judges were unable to conceal their emotion; nevertheless they unanimously condemned Piter to death. He heard the sentence without emotion; then advancing towards his captain, requested the loan of four francs. The captain

gave him the money. He then approached the old woman from whom he had taken the handkerchief, and I heard him utter these words:

"Madam, here are four francs; I know not whether your handkerchief be worth more, but if it be, it costs me dear enough, and you may excuse me from paying the difference."

Then, taking the handkerchief, he kissed it and gave it to the captain. "Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains; if you go near Areneberg, do me the favour to ask for Marie, and give her this blue handkerchief; but do not tell her the price I paid for it." He then knelt, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, rose, and walked with a firm step to the place of execution.

I retired into the wood, that I might not witness the last scene of this tragedy. A few shots soon made known that it was over.

Having returned to the little plain an hour after, I found the regiment gone, and all quiet; but as I followed the border of the wood, in order to reach the high road, I perceived traces of blood, and a mound of freshly moved earth. Cutting a branch of fir, I made a rude cross, which I placed upon the grave of one already forgotten by all save myself and Marie.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, No. XII.
Nubia and Abyssinia. By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

THIS truly interesting and valuable volume is designed as a companion to that on Egypt, which formed the third in this excellent series. The author has been anticipated by Heeren in most of the results which he deduces from the monuments and ruins on the Upper Nile, but he readily acknowledges his obligations to the author of 'The Historical Researches,' and embraces every opportunity of bearing testimony to his worth. Dr. Russell can afford to be thus just, because his own substantial merits are great, and because his exertions have thrown much additional light on the origin and progress of early civilization. The simple outline of the theory maintained, and, in our opinion demonstrated, by Heeren and Russell, may be told in a few words. Civilization came from India to Egypt;—we should rather say, from Iran, or Persia, and India combined, but we wish not to encumber ourselves with a discussion for which we shall soon find a more favourable opportunity;—streams of emigration from the mouths of the Euphrates and Indus spread themselves eastwards and westwards along the coasts of Southern Asia; some of the adventurers reached the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and, avoiding the dangerous navigation of the Red Sea, found a way to the upper valleys of the Nile through the mountain passes. They were accompanied by a sacerdotal caste, who, as was usual in ancient times, presided equally over religion and commerce. They excavated and erected stupendous temples, which attracted merchants and pilgrims to their shrines, and gave a holy sanction to traffic. They gradually descended the Nile, until they reached the coasts of the Mediterranean, but they found the commerce of that sea already possessed by the Phœnicians, with whom they were unwilling or unable to contest the supremacy. The rich plains of Lower Egypt, being subject to periodical inundations, were only colonized when the progress of knowledge had brought men to keep a record of their observations of nature; but when that

had been attained, the superior fertility of Mizraim, or Lower Egypt, brought down settlers from the upper country, who gradually established a powerful kingdom, and reclaimed the Delta from the sea. Meroë was the first great seat of the sacerdotal empire; as civilization progressed southwards, it gave way to "giant Thebes," which, in its turn, yielded to Memphis. These events occurred long before the historic age; we derive our knowledge from monuments, not from writings. The structures of Upper Egypt are more rude and gigantic than those lower down the Nile; the rock temples and excavations of Nubia bear indisputable marks of being more ancient than the edifices of the Thebaid. As the antiquity of the buildings increases as we ascend the Nile, so does their similarity to the rock temples of Hindūstan; as may easily be proved by reference to the plans and pictures of both. From all which, it seems to follow that Egyptian civilization was derived from India, and that it descended by slow and marked gradations down the Nile, to the shores of the Mediterranean. Our own researches have supplied us with many minute confirmations of this theory in the traditions preserved by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus; but the monumental proofs are infinitely more valuable, because they may be investigated by everybody who has the patience to compare the plates of Denon and Gau with those of our best travellers in India.

The immigrants did not find Nubia uninhabited; they found there a people probably the same as the Berbers, bold, warlike, ferocious; they knew nothing of the rights of property, and accordingly robbed the settlers at every favourable opportunity. Character changes so little in the East, that we should not be surprised if the following anecdote of the Shegyans were perfectly applicable to their predecessors in Nubia.

"Between Dongola and Merawe, the country, many parts of which are rich and beautiful, is occupied by a race of men called Shegyans, remarkable for valour in the field as well as for a roaming manner of life, and in some respects more allied to the freebooter than to the agriculturist or soldier. After being forced from their lands by Ishmael they took refuge near Shendy, from which position, as they found him still advancing southwards, they sent messengers demanding terms of peace. The pasha replied, that the only conditions on which they could obtain their request were, the surrender of their horses and arms, and a return to their own territory, where they were to bind themselves to live tranquilly and without disturbing their neighbours. The ambassadors answered that they would not give up their horses and arms. The Egyptian commander rejoined, that he would go to Shendy and take them; they said 'Come!'

"It is reported that, previous to the advance of the Turkish force from Wady Halfa, deputies from the chiefs of Shegya arrived at the camp to ask for what reason the pasha menaced them with war. He replied, 'Because you are robbers who live by disturbing and pillaging the countries around your own.' They observed 'That they had no other means to live.' Ishmael said, 'Cultivate your land and live honestly.' They answered with great simplicity, 'We have been bred up to live and prosper by what you call robbery; we will not work, and cannot change our manner of living.' The invader thundered in their ears, 'I will make you change it.' We shall hereafter have occasion to

revert to the history of these undaunted barbarians."

It is as a mere conjecture that we hazard the possibility of the term Barbarians having been introduced by Egyptian colonists, who remembered their old contests with the Berbers, into Greece, and extended from its original application to an African nation, until it comprehended all that were opposed to civilization, or were ignorant of its blessings.

The name Ethiopians was given to the people who dwelt above Egypt, and in the age of Homer they were described as the most pious and happy of terrestrial communities. Here we find an illustration of the ordinary law of sacerdotal tradition, which invariably attributes superior purity to its sources. But the name Ethiopian was also given to a people of Southern Asia, and if it was a native term, it would certainly be a corroborative testimony to the theory we have stated. It would perhaps be too rash to make a decisive assertion, but the Greek derivation of the term is just as absurd as any proposed by Swift in his humorous essay on proper names.† Unfortunately, however, the ancient writers are too loose in their geographical references for us to found any argument upon them.

The Arabs are generally mentioned in conjunction with the Ethiopians, though nothing can be more certain than that the nations were perfectly distinct. Yet traces of their union may be found on the ancient monuments; in the representation of Sesostri repelling a naval incursion, the enemies belong to two nations, one of which wears the costume of the Arabs or Shepherd-kings, the other is dressed in the fashion that ancient history ascribes to the Ethiopians. But though this monument was erected at least fifteen centuries before the Christian era, it belongs to a period far more recent than the Ethiopic colonization of Egypt; we should therefore incline to the opinion that the connexion between the Ethiopians and Arabians arose, when the latter became addicted to piracy. We may add that this remarkable monument is scarcely consistent with Dr. Russell's theory, that the Red Sea was not navigated before the age of Solomon, since it seems to prove that the Hykoos or Shepherd-kings were pirates as well as robbers from the earliest times.

We have dwelt thus long on the ancient history of Nubia, because in modern times it exhibits nothing but degradation. The contrast between its monuments and its inhabitants is very well drawn by Dr. Russell.

"In surveying the wonders which crowd the banks of the Nile from Meroë to Memphis, we are struck with the reflection that the wealth, power, and genius, whence they derived their origin, have entirely passed away. In some portions of that extensive tract a race little superior to savages pass a rude and precarious life, ignorant of the arts, and insensible equally to the beauty and the magnificence of the ruins which they tread under foot. They have ceased even to claim connexion with the people who raised the splendid monuments of Ebsamboul, Karnac, and Dendera; and, accordingly, they ascribe the anxiety which our countrymen display, in regard to those remains of antiquity, to the desire of visiting the tombs of a European

† Dr. Russell thinks the term originally Greek—we shall not dispute with him, but merely record our own opinion.

nation, who are supposed by them to have built the temples and sculptured the obelisks.

"The Nubians, especially, have relapsed into that low condition where even curiosity has become dormant, and in which the eye can be every day fixed on the noblest works of human ingenuity without suggesting any speculation as to their authors, their epoch, or their design. Throughout the whole world, in short, there is no greater contrast to be witnessed than between what now is, and what must once have been, in Ethiopia and Egypt. There is even great difficulty in passing, by an effort of thought, from one condition to the other, through the various scenes of conquest and desolation which seem necessary to have produced the effects we contemplate. We might question history, but we should receive no answer, as to events and characters which the lapse of three thousand years has thrown into impenetrable obscurity. Surrounded with darkness, we grope our way amidst superb structures, dedicated to gods and heroes whose names make but a faint impression on our ears; and we satisfy ourselves with the conclusion, that a great people had existed there before the era of recorded time, whose literature and philosophy have been outlived by their architectural monuments."

Our space will not permit us to enter on an examination of that portion of the volume before us devoted to Abyssinia: let it suffice to say, that all the information which Europeans have been able to acquire respecting that country is to be found in this work. We have so frequently expressed our sense of the great value of this series, that we need now scarcely repeat our praise. This is, indeed, the library of useful and entertaining knowledge; those which usurp the name are counterfeits.

Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1830 and 1831. By James Montgomery. London: Longman & Co.

THOSE of our readers who had the opportunity of hearing these lectures originally delivered at the Institution, will probably retain an agreeable and instructive recollection of them. The real tone of enthusiasm for the art to which they relate, pervading the whole, the care with which parts of them are elaborated, and the ingenuity with which they are in places illustrated, together with the natural capabilities of the subject for popular treatment, were eminently calculated to carry off a style somewhat loose, though well adapted to the familiar and half-conversational form of oral delivery, and to cover an occasional vagueness of definition by the current interest of the whole. Whether Mr. Montgomery has been, subsequently, wise in submitting them, precisely as they stand, to the permanent and deliberative ordeal which awaits the "litera scripta," may, perhaps, be doubted, by some of his friends (and few poets of his day have more). It has rarely happened to the poet to be successful in the exposition of that art which has sprung up amid the great mysteries of his own heart, or to convey to others as a theory that which came to himself as an inspiration. Our memory supplies us, at the moment, with some notable failures, and we cannot say that it has been Mr. Montgomery's lot to untie the knot which his brethren had been unable to loosen. Our limits do not permit us to illustrate and defend our meaning as we could wish; but we may state as

an example, that where his theme would naturally call for some definition of what he considers poetry to be, he admits his inability to find one to his satisfaction; and contents himself with insisting upon some subjects, which he considers to be poetical, and some qualities which he thinks essentially so. And this he does "wisely" but not "well." Indeed, this part of his lecture is left too sketchy and imperfect. With regard to the critical part of these discourses, it would not be easy for the most prosperous professor to deliver a series of strictures on matters so completely appealing to taste, which should not find frequent dissenters from many of its opinions; and we may say, that we have been surprised to find how often we have differed from Mr. Montgomery. Neither do we see in his Lectures any very new or original views. He treads a good deal in beaten paths, and works out his problems chiefly by the aid of a few prescriptive names and familiar examples. Not, however, having space to go at greater length into any of these topics, we prefer making some extracts from the wealth which is undoubtedly contained in the volume. Indeed, we must preface our doing so, by the assurance that it abounds in occasional shrewd criticism, frequent felicity of expression, invariable enthusiasm of tone, and generally displays the resources of a finely-tuned spirit, and a highly cultivated mind.

The following we think good examples of that felicitous expression of which we have spoken.

"When I am a man!" is the poetry of childhood;—"When I was a child!" is the poetry of age.

Speaking of the deep-blue vault of the firmament, he calls it "that impenetrable veil, which is itself the only perfect emblem of eternity, and is eternity made visible."

Again, in discussing the genius of Burns, we have the following ingenious parallel:—

"The genius of Burns resembled the pearl of Cleopatra, both in its worth and its fortune; the one was moulded by nature in secret, beneath the depths of the ocean; the other was produced and perfected by the same hand, in equal obscurity, on the banks of the Ayr. The former was suddenly brought to light, and shone for a season on the forehead of imperial beauty; the latter, not less unexpectedly, emerged from the shade, and dazzled and delighted an admiring nation, in the keeping of a Scottish peasant. The fate of both was the same: each was wondrously dissolved in the cup of pleasure, and qualified by its possessor at one intemperate draught."

The following are fine passages:—

"But in a peculiar, and, to myself at least, an intensely interesting view, the stars are 'the poetry of heaven.' In common with the sun and moon, they are the only unchanging and actual objects, which all eyes that were ever opened to the light, and lifted to the sky, have seen precisely as we see them, and precisely as they shall be seen by posterity to the end of time. Rivers stray from their channels; mountains are shattered by earthquakes, undermined by waters, or worn by the stress of elements; forests disappear, and cities rise upon their place; cities, again, are tumbled into ruins; all the works of man perish like their framer; and on those of nature herself, throughout the habitable globe, is written *Mutability*. The entire aspect of the earth, whether waste or cultivated, peopled or solitary, is perpetually undergoing transformation. Shakspeare says, 'no man ever

bathed twice in the same river.' It may as truly be said, though the process is slower, that no two generations dwelling successively on one spot, however marked its general features might be, ever beheld the same local objects, in the same colour, shape, and character. The heavenly bodies alone appear to us the identical luminaries, in size, lustre, movement, and relative position, which they appeared to Adam and Eve in Paradise, when—

"at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole."—*Paradise Lost*, book iv.

They appear to us the same as they did to Noah and his family, when they descended from the ark into the silence of an unpeopled world; and as they did to the builders of Babel, when the latter projected a tower, whose top should reach heaven. They appear to us in the same battle-array as they were seen by Deborah and Barak, when 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisera;' in the same sparkling constellations as they were seen by the Psalmist, compelling him to exclaim,—'When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, Lord! what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?' Once more,—and, Oh! how touching is the thought!—the stars, the unchanging stars, appear to us with the same placid magnificence as they were seen by the Redeemer of the world, when, 'having sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when evening was come he was there alone,' and 'continued all night in prayer to God.'—*Matt.* xiv. 23. *Luke*, vi. 12.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of his prayer;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflict and his victory too."—*Watts*.

"The stars, then, have been the points where all that ever lived have met: the great, the small, the evil, and the good; the prince, the warrior, statesman, sage; the high, the low, the rich, the poor; the bond and the free; Jew, Greek, Scythian, and Barbarian;—every man that has looked up from the earth to the firmament, has met every other man among the stars, for all have seen them alike, which can be said of no other images in the visible universe! hence, by a sympathy neither affected nor overstrained, we can at pleasure bring our spirits into nearer contact with any being that has existed, illustrious or obscure, in any age or country, by fixing our eyes—to name no other—on the evening or the morning star, which that individual must have beheld a hundred, and a hundred times,

"In that same place of heaven where now it shines," and with the very aspect which the beautiful planet wears to us, and with which it will continue to smile over the couch of dying or the cradle of reviving day.

We add a few interesting anecdotes scattered through the volume:—

"A Cherokee chief, having heard that white men could communicate their thoughts by means of certain figures impressed on soft or hard substances, set himself the task of inventing a series of strokes, straight and crooked, up, down, and across, which should represent all the words in the Indian language. These, however, became so numerous and so refractory in their resemblances, that he must have given up the work in despair, had he not recollected that the sounds or syllables, of which all words consisted, were comparatively few, though capable of infinite combination. To these, then, he applied his most approved symbols, which, in the course of time, he reduced to two hundred; and, latterly, it is said, that he has brought them down as low as eighty; and that by these he can accurately express the whole vocabulary of his mother-tongue. It is to be observed, in abate-

ment of this marvellous effort of a savage mind, that the primary idea of *writing* was suggested to it, not originally conceived by it."

"At Athens, I believe, on the completion of the temple of Minerva, a statue of the goddess was wanted to occupy the crowning point of the edifice. Two of the greatest artists produced what each deemed his masterpiece. One of these figures (to use an ambiguous phrase, for lack of a better), was the size of life, admirably designed and exquisitely finished; the other was of Amazonian stature, and so boldly chiseled, that it looked more like masonry than sculpture. The eyes of all were attracted by the first, and turned away in contempt from the second. That, therefore, was adopted, and this rejected, almost with resentment, as though an insult had been offered to the judgment of a discerning public. In this, as in similar cases, those who were nearest to both were presumed to be the best connoisseurs of the merits of each; and as they pronounced very decisively against the one and in favour of the other, the multitude in the rear, who saw neither so much symmetry in the *minor*, nor so much deformity in the *major*, yielded to authority. The selected image was accordingly borne in triumph to the place which it was to occupy, in the presence of applauding thousands; but as it receded from their upturned eyes,—all, all at once agaze upon it,—the thunders unaccountably died away, a general misgiving ran through every bosom, and when it was at length fixed, the mob themselves stood like statues, as silent and as petrified; for the miniature figure being diminished to a point was scarcely recognized, except as an unsightly protuberance.

"Of course the idol of the hour was soon clamoured down, as rationally as it had been cried up; and its dishonoured rival, with no good will, and no good looks, on the part of the chagrined populace, was reared in its stead. This, however, was no sooner done, than the rude-hewn mass, that before scarcely appeared to bear even the human form, assumed the divinity which it represented,—being so perfectly proportioned to the dimensions of the building, and to the elevation on which it stood, that it seemed as though Pallas herself had alighted upon the pinnacle of her temple,—in person to receive the homage of her worshippers at its dedication.

"Now that aspect of the giant-statue, at the due distance from which it was intended to be contemplated,—that aspect was the poetry of that object. In the rough reality there existed the fine ideal of the sculptor's thought, though the ordinary eye being too near could not discern it, on the ground, till, being exhibited where the whole could be seen in its whole effect (not piecemeal, or with any necessary imperfections), the immeasurable superiority of the well-adapted work over its faultless but inappropriate rival was immediately recognized. Poetry thus places its subjects, whatever be the theme, where all their beauty, grandeur, or excellence may be clearly discovered, and where, at the same time, all their homeliness and common-place associations are excluded. This is poetry to the eye."

We cannot refrain from reprinting for our readers the following exquisite and affecting lines, from an old writer, for which we confess ourselves indebted to Mr. Montgomery, they having hitherto escaped us; and these must close our notice,—as they will "in sweetest music."

From the Epitaph on the Death of a beloved Wife.
(BY HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER; BORN 1591, DIED 1609.)

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted;
My last 'good night!' thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;

Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way.
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale!"

Observations on Professions, Literature, Manners, and Emigration, in the United States and Canada. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler. London: Whittaker & Co.

We are indebted to Messrs. Whittaker & Co. for Mrs. Trollope's pleasant fiction; and, as a compensating balance, they now favour us with Mr. Fidler's dull reality. This reverend gentleman went to America in a very ill-humour, and returned, so far as we can understand, because neither his own nor his wife's temper was improved by the voyage. Mr. Fidler did not receive that preference which he thought himself entitled to in England, and therefore started for New York. Sanscrit, however, was at a discount among the wooden nutmeg sellers, and therefore he steamed off to Canada. The Bishop of Quebec here offered him a mission among the Indians; but as his district would have extended some sixty miles, and he could not ride, and would not walk, he declined it. The Bishop's answer ought to have touched him:—

"I myself," replied his lordship, "have performed much greater journeys than the one proposed to you, on foot and unattended. I was a missionary for thirty-five years, at a period when the country was in a less civilized state, and when greater self-denial than is required of you was unavoidably imposed on the preachers of the gospel. There is no part of my large diocese which I have not visited, and travelled on foot, with a Bible, my sole companion and only solace, under my arm. What therefore is proffered to your acceptance, is not to be compared, in labours and privations, to what has been experienced before you. But since you shrink from the undertaking, I have another offer to make you. The gentleman on Yonge-street, on whom you called, offered you a house. To this provision I will add from my private income one hundred pounds annually; for I do not know that the sum will be refunded me; but the people of that village have often applied to me for a resident minister, and I have never had so favourable an opportunity of gratifying them."

This last offer was accepted; Mrs. Fidler was brought from New York, and was all anxiety "to enter her parsonage house." "Dissatisfaction," however, "soon evinced itself." The lady could not immediately get possession; and although it is admitted, that every body strove hard to make them comfortable, she "grew more and more averse every hour to continue;" and they packed up forthwith, and returned to England to offer this dull volume, with their dislikes of America, and their praise of kings and aristocracies, as a peace-offering for their former backslidings.

The Prometheus Bound; and Miscellaneous Poems. "Touch the Hospitalier's shield; he has the least sure seat,—he is your cheapest bargain;"—was the good counsel given by the people at Ashby to Ivanhoe. With the same considerate feeling we advise those who adventure in the hazardous lists of poetic translation, to touch any one rather than Æschylus; and they may take warning by the author before us.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

It is with much pain we state that Sir John Malcolm died after a short but severe illness, at his house in Princes Street, on the 30th May, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; he was all but recovered from a paralytic stroke, when he ventured out in an east wind: was attacked with influenza, and hurried to the grave. His loss will be felt by his countrymen, more particularly by all persons connected with India: to worth he was kind and friendly, and to genius he ever lent, without solicitation, a helping hand. He was much beloved in Bombay, and during his lifetime, his comrades in council and in arms, ordered his statue as a companion to that of Elphinstone. He abounded in anecdote; his happy gaiety of nature, and unrestrained kindness of heart, made his company acceptable to the most fastidious; nor did we ever meet with a man, who, like him, could pass so readily from the comic to the serious—could smooth his brow in the midst of the most joyous laughter, and give wholesome counsel and solemn advice. He was known and beloved from the centre of Persia to the frontiers of the Birman Empire: he spoke the languages of the East with fluency, and was intimate with the natures and social manners of all the tribes of the East. His literary works will continue his memory with honour among us: his 'History of Central India'; his 'Political History of the East'; his 'Persian Sketches'; his 'Account of John Leyden'; and lastly, his 'Life of Lord Clive,' unpublished, but completed to the last chapter, are works that cannot soon die; they show a skilful scholar, a shrewd biographer, and an accurate and eloquent historian. The close of his life may be reckoned unfortunate. Relying on the influence of his talents, the good deeds he had done, and, moreover, on his right of birth, he offered himself as member for the Dumfries Burghs, and was rejected. He was received in the place on which his genius and worth must shed lasting honour, with respect, indeed, by some, but with much disrespect by others, and returned to London, sorrowful, but not incensed; nay, he came and told the writer of this very brief and imperfect sketch, of his ill success in "bonnie Dumfries," and dwelt with much good-humour on the virulence of a shoemaker, of the name of Wilson. "I wish," said he, "you had but seen the damned birsing body coming against him who had thrashed Holkar, with a bantam cock strut, and all his inseam awls, outseam awls, pegging awls, and closing awls—Lord, how the creature crew!" It may be some time before Dumfries will have an opportunity of rejecting a genius of her own blood again. The last time we saw Sir John, was at the Abbotsford subscription meeting: he looked pale and exhausted—we still think we hear him saying, "And should all our endeavours fail—and they surely cannot—it will be a consolation to think, that when on some distant day my son passes along the Tweed, and sees Abbotsford in ruins, he can truly say, 'My father tried to save you from destruction, but was not seconded by his country.'" Nor shall we soon forget the anecdote he told us of Lord Clive. "When Clive was a young man, a friend called on him one day, and found him sitting with books and a pistol on the table. 'Take that pistol,' said Clive to his visitor, 'and fire it out at the window:' he did so at once: before the smoke subsided, and while the room rung with the report, Clive sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'God has something for me to do yet—I snapped that pistol twice at my head before you came in—yet it did not go off—God has work for me yet.'" We hope a full and ample memoir will be written of this distinguished man.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We were much gratified with an exhibition of the works of the three Presidents of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, which opened on Thursday; and feel convinced, that the Directors will not only add to the public amusement by so doing, but confer a benefit on Art, as it gives to artists an opportunity of comparing the merits of the two artists who have laid the foundation of portrait painting in England: the works of Reynolds and Lawrence are hung in different rooms, and we think judiciously so; for, Sir Thomas suffers quite enough by the comparison, without being brought into actual contact; the finest works of neither, perhaps, are present, but we feel convinced, from what we learn, that the Directors wished, as far as in their power, to favour neither party, but to give, in the true English phrase—a clear stage, and no favour. We will endeavour, in comparing the two artists, to follow their example, anxious only in our remarks to be of service to the advancement of the art; and that these remarks may be more clearly understood, it will be necessary to make an observation on Sir Joshua's method, which is principally confined to its professors. Reynolds finished his pictures by repeated glazings; Lawrence used none, except in the portrait of Hart Davis, and one or two others; but his eye never could allow it to remain: Sir Joshua, in one of his notes to Fresnoy, says, Pliny gives a description of the mode used by Apelles, "that over his finished picture he spreads a transparent liquid like ink, of which the effect was to give brilliancy, and, at the same time, to lower the too great glare of the colours." "This passage," says Reynolds, "though it may possibly perplex the critics, is a true and artist-like description of the effect of glazing, such as was practised by Titian and the rest of the Venetian painters: this custom, or mode of operation, implies, at least, a true taste of that in which the excellence of colouring consists, which does not proceed from fine colours, but true colours—from breaking down these fine colours which would appear too raw, to a deep-toned brightness." And never was the truth of this observation more apparent than in the present exhibition: let any one walk from the contemplation of the *Student*, with the book under his arm, the *Strawberry Girl*, or the *Infant Academy*, by Reynolds, to the portraits of George IV., or Donna Maria da Gloria, by Lawrence, and he will feel as if the flesh was either only a preparation, or else, that all which constitutes "true colour" was rubbed off: while looking at the portraits of his present Majesty and the Marquis of Abercorn, we could not help being convinced of the truth of these lines:—

The hand that colours well must colour bright,
Hope not that praise to gain by sickly white.

We regret to see his fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott placed too high; and the blue unfinished portrait of Prince George meeting your eye as you go up stairs; that, and the white lady on the other side, seem placed as foils as you enter into the room containing the rich-toned works of Sir Joshua. Let us hope this Exhibition will open the eyes of many artists who have been following Sir Thomas Lawrence with a servile timidity: for if he who used to be so powerful on the walls of the Royal Academy now sinks by comparison, what must they hope for?—"whiteness is not light, neither is vapidity breadth." We repeat our conviction that this Exhibition will be of great benefit to the Arts, by bringing our two great portrait painters in contact. We could not help remarking, in Reynolds's pictures of 'Iphigenia,' the 'Infant Academy,' 'Death of Dido,' and others, the direct contrary treatment to what he has advised: he says, "the cool colours should be dispersed about the ground or sur-

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rounding parts of the picture, but sparingly employed in the masses of light." It is only in the masses of light he introduces a vein of cool colour, and uses the red in the half-tints, where the light falls into the shadow, and the shadow of a rich-asphaltum tone. Lawrence and West used cold colours in the shadow: Reynolds seldom. We, perhaps, shall notice West next week, as we could not resist the present opportunity of saying a few words, by way of comparison, upon Reynolds and Lawrence.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. Bunn has published an Address, stating that he has become lessee of both theatres. The holding is to begin, we suppose, with the next season; but the chopping and changing about of performers and pieces, which have lately taken place, make it look as if it had already commenced. We condemn no man until he has been tried; and therefore of the manner in which Mr. Bunn may perform his duties hereafter, we shall express no opinion at present, because this season he is supposed to be acting under orders. Of the proposed system, however, we augur the worst—the worst for the actors—the worst for the authors—and the worst for the public. The address itself is certainly a curious document, as coming from any member of the management of a theatre where such pranks have been played with the Drama and its Representatives at Drury Lane. To read of an anxiety to protect the legitimate drama from such a quarter, is curious! To be told that more than twenty pounds a week is too much to give an English actor, by those who are at least aiding and abetting (as we are informed, and believe,) in paying a foreigner at the rate of seven hundred and eighty pounds per week, is curious!!! and there are several other propositions which are curious!!! Still we say with Mr. Knowles—

Let man be judged as man.

If Mr. Bunn can make a silk purse out of the two sow's ears with which he has provided himself, we will be the first and the heartiest to do him justice. We say this, supposing that the system against which we profess to have a strong feeling will somehow be brought to bear; but we shall be much better pleased if it is not. The actors have been, we hear, attacked in detail; and some have given way. We still look to the leaders of the profession, and trust that they will combine to protect it from further degradation—to protect us from the humiliating spectacle of seeing the members of a liberal profession acting, as it were, in a booth at one end of a fair, and then rushing with half-painted faces through the open air, to perform in another booth at the opposite end. Mr. Macready and Mr. Farren are both stated in the papers to have "conformed." We hope it is not true as to Mr. Macready; and we know it is not as to Mr. Farren. Miss Ellen Tree has declared off, and therefore deserves honourable mention. Those who have given way will, if we are not mistaken, be among the first to regret their having done so. We can have no wish or view in making these hasty remarks but for the general good of the drama and the respectability of its professors; and we firmly and sincerely believe that both will suffer under the proposed system.

Miss Edgeworth, after a silence of some years, is about to open her lips again in romance: Ireland, we hear, is the scene of the story, and the price paid little less than a thousand pounds. Mr. Murray has discovered, we understand, a published poem by Crabbe, of which the world was ignorant: it bears 'George Crabbe, surgeon,' on the title-page,—indeed, his poetry smacks more of the dissecting-table than of the pulpit: little of his early history is known. A

volume of Poems from the pen of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley is also nearly ready.

In Art there is little stirring, save what is doing in Exhibitions. We have just seen a sort of circular, recommending in strong terms a certain sculptor as the proper person to make a statue of Dr. Babington: we withhold the name out of respect to the individual, who ought to have known that his judgment in art is worth but little, and in the belief that the sculptor did not authorize it.—We are glad to hear that Burnet's 'Anniversary of Trafalgar' has been well received by the world: the value of the forthcoming print is increased by being engraved by the same hand that painted the picture.—We have just seen the list of candidates for the vacant situation of Associate in the Royal Academy: there are forty painters, ten sculptors, and three architects—they had better form a new academy at once.

It may be pleasant to our readers to know that De Beriot and Herz are each to play a solo at the next and last Philharmonic Concert, and we believe Malibran, Cinti, and Zuchelli are to be the vocalists. If the orchestral music be well executed, this performance will be worth a whole season's subscription.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Dr. Grant on the Development of the Circulating System in Man, compared with the conditions of that system in the lower classes of animals.—The lecture began with a few illustrations of the unity of plan observable in the structure of the osseous, the muscular, the nervous and other systems of man and animals. It is generally believed, that the same uniformity cannot be traced in the development of the vascular system—that while batrachia possess but two cavities of the heart, the cephalopods and even the red-blooded worms have three; that the inhabitants of bivalve shells have three or even four cavities of the heart developed, while there are but two in gasteropods and fishes; that the heart is systemic in gasteropods, pulmonic in fishes, systemic in batrachia, &c.; and that it is thus vain to attempt to trace any analogy between the gradual development of the human vascular system and that of the inferior classes. Dr. Grant traced the development of the vascular system, by the aid of numerous large coloured diagrams, from the polygastric animalcules, where it consists only of a plexus of vessels without heart or any perceptible pulsation, to birds and quadrupeds, where it is provided with four muscular cavities having each a distinct function. He showed that the two venous cavities of the heart in many invertebrata have precisely the same function, and are only portions of an auricle divided like many other organs to suit the form and condition of these animals. The bulb of the aorta begins to be developed in cephalopods, and prepares the way for the splitting of that vessel into a systemic and a pulmonic trunk, which first takes place in reptiles. The heart-forming tube of annelides, insects, and arachnida, develops a ventricle first in the crustacea, and the auricle is added in the molluscous classes. These two form afterwards the two pulmonic cavities of the heart by their division in the vertebrata, as the aorta by its division forms the pulmonary artery. Fishes are gigantic tadpoles which never metamorphose, and their heart with its original five pairs of branchial arteries presents the same form with that of all the other vertebrate classes at an early period of their development. The great arterial trunks from the arch of the aorta originate from the branchial arteries in the warm-blooded vertebrata in the same manner as has been long known in the salamander and other batrachia.

The development of the human vascular system was illustrated by another series of enlarged diagrams, and shown to correspond in its minutest details with the permanent conditions of that system throughout the invertebrate and vertebrate classes. The recent discoveries regarding not only the existence of branchial arteries and branchial apertures in the human embryo were detailed, but also regarding the permanence of these apertures, in several cases forming congenital fistulæ in the neck. The object of the lecture was to show that the same unity of plan is manifested in the vascular system of man and animals, as presents itself in other parts of their economy.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

June 1.—A General Meeting was held this day: the Right Hon. the Earl of Munster, Vice-President, in the chair.

A copy of M. Pauthier's French translation of Mr. Colebrooke's 'Essays on the Philosophy of the Hindis,' published in the 'Transactions of the Society,' was presented by the author; and a series of lectures on anatomy, by P. Breton, Esq., lithographed in the Persian and other Oriental languages for the use of the native medical students at Calcutta, was presented by W. B. Bayley, Esq.

The Hon. W. H. L. Melville, John Davidson, Esq., and Wm. Rothery, Esq. were elected resident members; and the Chevalier Don Lopez de Cordoba, and Rāmasīrāmi Mūdelīar, Jaghīrdar of the Island of Sivasamudram, corresponding members of the Society.

The paper read was a continuation, from the last meeting, of an account of the various descriptions of maritime vessels used by the natives on the coasts of Coromandel, Ceylon, and Malabar, by Mr. Edye; accompanied by illustrative diagrams, very neatly executed, and quite indispensable to the due appreciation of the descriptive notices. Mr. Edye commences with the simple catamaran of Ceylon, formed of three pieces of wood firmly lashed together, which is navigated with great dexterity by one or two men; these floats are frequently met with from ten to fifteen miles out at sea. The vessels next mentioned are the Point de Galle canoe, or market boat, the canoes of the Malabar and Cochin coasts, the masula boats of Madras, the Arab dows and buggerows or buggaloos, which are sometimes armed for piratical purposes. The examination of the construction of all these different boats, tends to prove how skilfully they have been adapted to meet the varying circumstances of climate and local situation in the seas in which they are navigated. Thanks were returned to Mr. Edye for this communication, and the meeting adjourned to the 15th inst.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

June 4.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair.—A communication from Lord Stanley, the President of the Society, was read, appointing A. B. Lambert, Esq., Dr. Maton, E. Forster, Esq., and Mr. Brown, Vice-Presidents. The chairman exhibited a branch of *Pinus pungens*, a species new to this country. A mode of transporting living ferns, &c., in small portable glazed cases, was also exhibited.

The secretary read a letter from T. A. Knight, Esq., President of the Horticultural Society, detailing observations on the habits of a bird which had built its nest in one of the houses in his garden, in which an experiment was in progress to ascertain what degree of perfection certain fruits would acquire without artificial heat. The bird laid four eggs, but only sat close upon them during the night, when the temperature of the house was reduced to 75°, abandoning her charge during a great part of the day, as if perfectly conscious that the heat of the house rendered her presence unnecessary: three young

birds were hatched. G. Glen, Esq. was elected a Fellow of the Society; after which the meeting adjourned to the 18th inst.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 6.—T. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair.—The usual routine business having been disposed of, twenty-six candidates were elected. The report stated the receipts for the month of May to be 2237*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*; and the number of visitors to the Gardens, during the same period, 35,755. The admission-money taken at the gate on Whit-Monday was 208*l.* 10*s.* The donations to the Society were numerous and valuable. A vote of thanks was unanimously recorded in favour of Dr. Grant, for his interesting course of lectures, now concluded, 'On the Structure and Classification of Animals.' The third sale by auction, of duplicate specimens at the Gardens, was fixed for the 11th inst.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	7, P.M.
Th.	Royal Society	8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
Fri.	Zoological Society	Three, P.M.
	Royal Institution	8, P.M.

Geological Society of Dublin—May 8.—The minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting were read by the secretary; and specimens of rocks and minerals, from various parts of the county Mayo, presented by Mr. Knight, were exhibited. A paper by Mr. Knight, 'On the Geology of Erris, county Mayo,' was read by the secretary. In this paper the author describes two remarkable porphyritic dykes, which he found to be continuations of those observed by Archdeacon Verschoyle, in another part of the west of Ireland. It was resolved, that Mr. Knight be requested to obtain for the Society, in further illustration of his paper, a series of specimens of the Mica slate, where it has been traversed by the dykes, so as to exhibit the extent of alteration which has taken place. Two papers, by Lieut. Stothard, R.E., containing a geological description of two parishes in the county of Antrim, were read by Captain Portlock. The Society then adjourned to the second Wednesday in June.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE many eminent vocalists who have successively appeared in 'Anna Bolena,' 'Medea,' 'Tancredi,' and 'Il Pirata,' have attracted crowded and brilliant houses.—To-morrow, Rubini, we hear, leaves England for Italy. There are critics who descant largely on the excess of roulades of this singer, and who are generally blind to his great merits; to us, there is nothing more exquisitely pathetic and beautiful, than his singing an expressive melody; and his flourishes at the close of a movement, though we do not approve of them, we can excuse, in admiration of his general excellence.

'Inez de Castro,' an Italian ballet, composed by Signor Cortesi, was brought out on Saturday. The music, well suited to the action, is selected from Rossini and other composers, and on the second representation, the band, ably conducted by Nadaud, executed their part with a precision and skill that deserves to be noticed. The ballet itself is splendid, and the acting of the Italians excellent, though a trifle too extravagant to please our English taste.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

A comic opera, in one act, well calculated to display the versatile powers of the inimitable Malibran, was brought out here on Tuesday. This house is said to be approaching the termination of its season; but, faithful to its system, and struggling to the last for a bit more quackery, Madame Malibran was announced for her last night but two, but one, and her last night; while those who so announced her well knew that she was studying this part. No good was likely to arise from this bit of nonsense, and no good did arise,—but what of that? it is surely better to quack to no purpose than not to quack at all. The music of this opera, which is called 'The Students of Jena,' is by Mons. Chélaré; the words, a free translation from the German, and adapted to music previously composed, by Mr. Planché. So much of the plot is carried on in song, that those who do not provide themselves with books must necessarily form, in some degree, an unfair judgment of the piece. We recommend a more general purchase of these shilling articles of information; and we do so for two reasons: first, from a general good-will towards dramatic authors, those ill-used and shabbily-remunerated members of the community, into whose attenuated pockets the profits, if any, on the sale of the said books, go; and, secondly, because we feel personally indebted to Mr. Planché for having taken this opportunity of proving the truth of a position which we have frequently laid down in the theatrical corner of the *Athenæum*,—viz. that in putting high-metalled English words into a poetical break, and training them to run smoothly in the harness of German music, previously composed for German words, it does not necessarily follow that, because the task is difficult, it is impossible; and that, although the inequalities and sudden changes of measure put good poetry almost out of the question, it is not an inevitable consequence to drop through all the intermediate stages, and fall upon utter nonsense and bad English. To have executed his work comparatively well—which is all we assert Mr. Planché has done—is, in fact, under circumstances to have done it positively well; and, in proof that we advance no more than we are borne out in, we refer to the books of songs of all the other foreign operas translated at Drury Lane this season, on the one hand, and to that of 'The Students of Jena,' on the other. The plot of the opera is slight, but agreeable; and it is carried on with great spirit by that industrious and improving singer, Mr. Templeton, and, in her happiest manner, by the admirable and intelligent lady for whom it is principally intended as a show-off. The music is decidedly clever, and frequently very pleasant; but there is, perhaps, rather too much sameness of character throughout, and the individual pieces are most of them too long to suit the English, who are, with all their boasted enlightenment, still semi-barbarians about music. Madame Malibran's first scena, which is an address to music, apostrophizing it on its various powers, is a highly fanciful, and graceful production. That portion of it commencing 'The mountaineer at dawn of day,' is extremely beautiful, and is given by the singer in a style of surpassing excellence. We were also much pleased with a chorus of students, wherein, having broken into the house in search of their lost companion, and found him labouring under the extreme symptoms of the devouring passion, they vote him dead and toll his knell. Mr. Planché has been a little careless in his stage business here. We know the difficulty of driving either humour or life into your English chorus singers—but it is to be done—and if this chorus were well acted as well as sung, it would, to our

thinking, be a great favourite. Indifferently as it was given, it was encored. Towards the end, Madame Malibran, who is supposed to be a young lady intended for the stage, appears before her father's guests at a party, in three characters, and sings first a German—next an Italian—and lastly, a French air. She was a native of each country for the time being, and such is her talent, that if it happened to suit her to become a Chinese, we have no doubt, that the Emperor himself would be deceived—claim her for a subject, and take no denial.

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

A new farce, in one act, written by Mr. Bernard, was produced here on Tuesday. If it were customary to use, by way of illustration, any shell smaller than that of a nut, we should say the plot would lie in that. No matter, however, how small the case, if, when cracked, a joke be found within. In this, as in almost all other farces, a lover is kicked out by the father of the lady, and wants to get again into the house. In the expedient adopted consists the novelty. The father is an antiquarian, and the lover introduces himself as a merchant from Egypt, with a mummy for sale—the mummy being personated by Mr. John Reeve. The breadth of Mr. Reeve's fun is well known—the situations afford him good scope for its exercise—laughter carries it against you, resolve as you may to look grave—and, upon the whole, we recommend this bit of harmless mirth, as well suited to the weather.

MISCELLANEA

Antient Concerts.—The twelfth and last of the present season was under the direction of Lord Burghersh. The selection comprised a great variety of pieces from all the best composers. Pasta and Devrient each sang twice; and the whole performance was highly satisfactory. The Concerts are to take place next year on the alternate Wednesdays, and to be eight only in number.

University of Dublin—May 17.—Mountford Longfield, LL.D., F.T.C.D., gave to-day his introductory lecture on political economy. He is the first professor on the new foundation of Archbishop Whately. He has fully satisfied the expectations which were entertained of him from his very high character; and his election as professor does much honour to the provost and board of Trinity College.

Jamestown.—We of the old world have proofs enough that cities have their rise and fall, their glory and their desolation; but all our associations with America lead us only to think of increase and prosperity; and the reader who was so lately interested [see *Athenæum*, No. 282.] in the fortunes of Captain Smith and the early settlers at Jamestown will be surprised at the following, which we extract from Goodrich's Account of Virginia, lately published. "Jamestown deserves notice, as the site of the earliest English settlement in the United States; but while places of recent origin have grown into a magnitude, rivalling the great cities of Europe, Jamestown has fallen into decay, and is now completely desolate. The ruins of a church steeple mantled with ivy, and surrounded by tombstones, overgrown with shrubbery and wild flowers, are all that remain to mark the spot. The situation is eminently beautiful. On every side is a charming and variegated succession of woodlands, meadows, pastures, and cultivated fields; in front, is the broad expanse of James river. The hills opposite are picturesque, some entirely covered with wood; others partially cultivated, and exhibiting patches of waving corn, and dark forest, while here and there are scattered over the landscape, many elegant mansions of the wealthy planters. The whole view is strikingly rich and variegated."

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